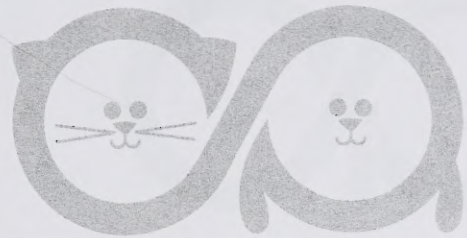
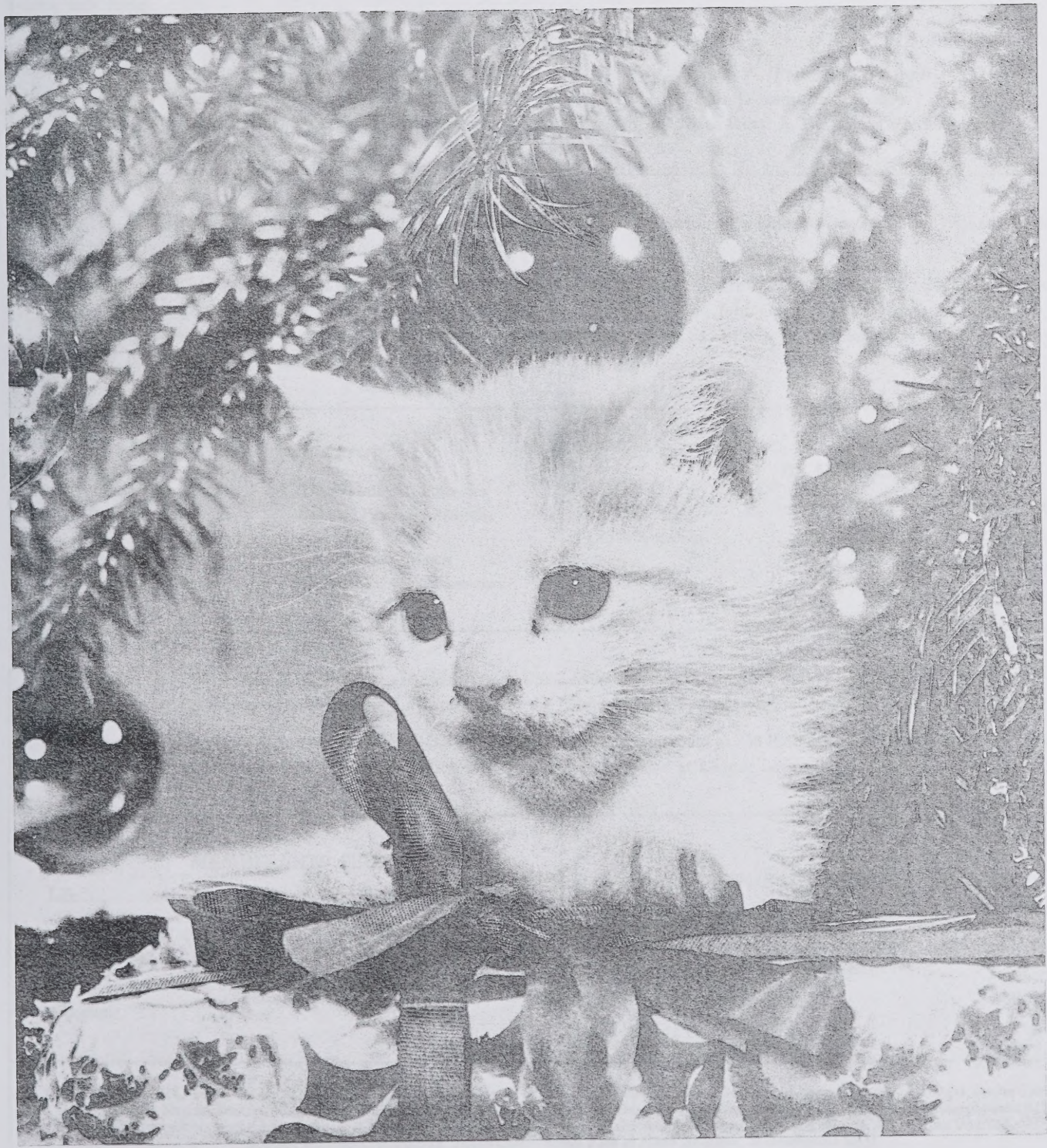


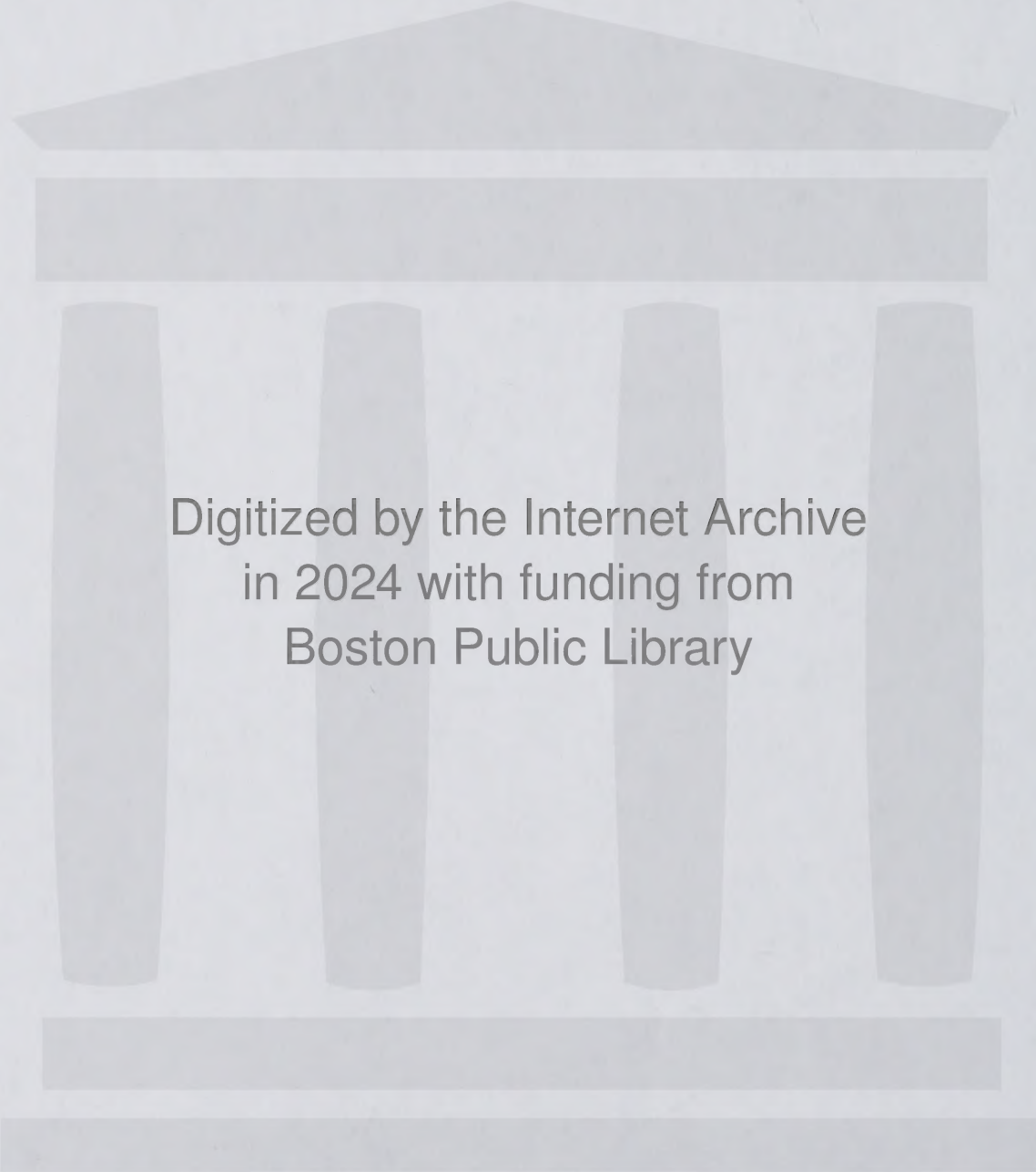
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OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

DECEMBER 1966





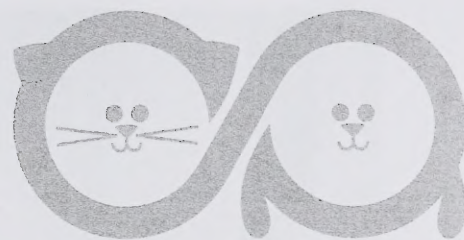
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ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE OF BOSTON

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Small Animal Out-Patient Clinic is maintained at headquarters. *Clinic Hours:* Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Saturday, 9 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. by appointment only. During July and August the Clinic will not be open on Saturday.

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MEMBERSHIP FEES

Life \$100.00 in one payment
Supporting 25.00 annually
Contributing 10.00 annually
Active 5.00 annually
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FORM OF BEQUEST

To the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE OF BOSTON:

I give, devise and bequeath the sum of
dollars, and the real estate situated at No.
Street, in the city (or town) of

OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS . . . Published March, June, September and December by the Animal Rescue League of Boston, corner Tremont and Arlington Streets, Boston, Massachusetts 02116. Price \$1.00 a year. Office of Publication, Rumford Litho, North Abington, Massachusetts 02315
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HEADLINE COMMENT

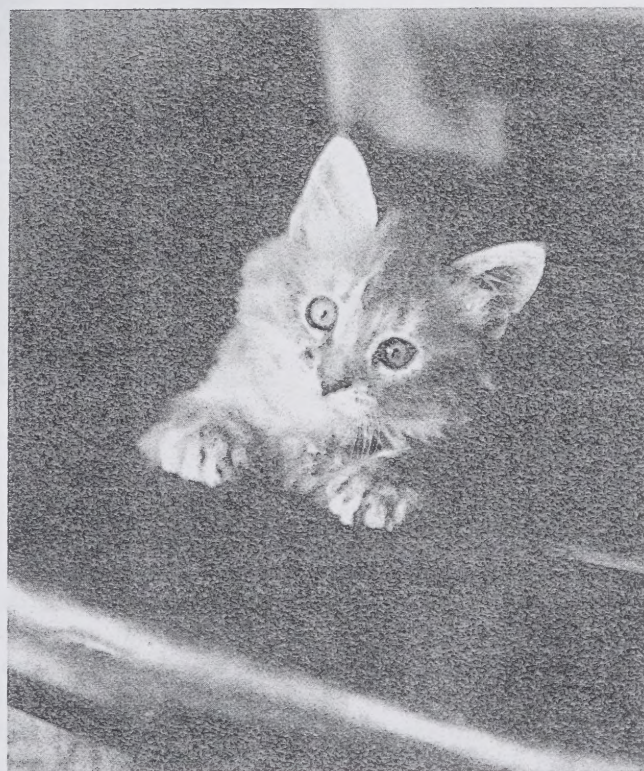
With this issue OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS presents a "new look" to its readers.

Perhaps on the front cover you will have noticed the League's new symbol or trademark, the happy cat and dog, designed for the League by Gregory Fossella Associates, Inc. of Boston. This symbol already is in use on our stationery and will, in due time, we hope, identify the League in other ways. Recently, the trade magazine, *Industrial Design*, said of the League's new trademark, "The new symbol developed by Gregory Fossella Associates for the Animal Rescue League of Boston is very effective. The stylized cat and dog device is whimsical; yet it effectively bespeaks contented, secure animals."

We, also, have changed our printing process from letter press to offset, thus effecting a small saving which can be used in caring for our animal friends. We feel, too, that the new make-up will be more attractive to the eye and more readable.

We sincerely hope you will like and approve of the change and any which may come in the future, and we would appreciate your comments.

C.E.B.



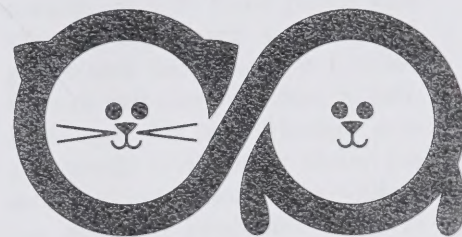
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DR. CARLTON E. BUTTRICK, *Editor*

RUTH A. BALLOU, *Associate Editor*

DECEMBER, 1966

Volume 63 • Number 4



OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

EACH YEAR IS SEVEN

That's the way it counts in a dog's life, but was this a dog?

by COREY FORD

(Reprinted from *The Rotarian*. Copyright 1966 by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Condensed in *The Reader's Digest*.)

WHEN A FRIEND tells me he can't play golf tomorrow because his wife wants him to stay home, I don't jeer and make snide remarks about apronstrings. I reply ruefully, "I know how it is. I have a dog . . ."

We met for the first time when he was only five months old. I had



PHOTO BY DAN HOLLAND

"I never thought of Cider as a dog, and I doubt that he considered me a master."

stopped off at a kennel in Vermont to pick out a puppy and found myself subjected to the intent scrutiny of six young English setters in a pen. Five of them stood with their front paws against the wire, barking and panting; but the sixth sat on his haunches and regarded me solemnly until he caught my eye. Evidently

he made up his mind that he wanted me, for he thrust a forefoot through the mesh and reached across the floor toward me. We belonged to each other from that moment on.

It was clear at the outset that he had a mind of his own. When I got him home that night, I put him in an outdoor run I had prepared

behind the house, surrounded by an eight-foot fence. Sometime in the wee hours I was awakened by a soulful wail under my bedroom window. I have no idea how he climbed out of the run, still less how he knew which window was mine. Sleepily I donned robe and slippers — the first of what proved to be innumerable times — and tumbled downstairs to let him in. He'd never seen a flight of stairs before, but he trotted up them confidently beside me, looked over my bedroom, and settled for an over-stuffed chair in which he slept every night the rest of his life.

I named him Cider — it suggested a sparkling New England Autumn, the time of year we both liked best — and bought a book on housebreaking and obedience training. I never had to use it. He came from a long line of English gentlemen, and good manners seemed to be born in him. His only fault, and one which he never outgrew, was the habit of pawing a rug into a rumpled heap to make a softer bed for himself. After several futile attempts to correct him, I found it was less trouble to straighten the rug afterward. Once I had made this simple discovery, the whole training problem was solved. All I needed was to determine in advance what he wanted to do and then tell him to do it, and we got along famously together.

Somehow I never thought of Cider as a dog, and I doubt that he ever considered me a master. Ours was a mutual partnership, like marriage. The leash in my hand attached me to him as much as it attached him to me. We could not converse, but that didn't matter; he read my thoughts, and in turn I nearly always knew what he was thinking. From the start there was a sort of telepathy between us. He never barked to wake me up, but sat beside my bed and stared at me patiently until I opened my eyes. In the woods, we

would locate each other without calling.

He had one object in life, and that was to make sure I took him along wherever I went. His technique was discipline through devotion, the iron paw in the velvet glove. When he caught me packing a suitcase, he would droop his ears and gaze at me with an expression of utter melancholy, accented by a black inverted V over his right eye, like one elevated eyebrow, which gave him a plaintive look designed to melt the hardest heart. If that failed to work, he would curl up in his chair with his back to me, and refuse to come downstairs to see me off. This would so prey on my mind that I sometimes cut my trip short, or gave it up altogether. Even a brief absence upset him. If I went out for the evening, he would mope all the following day and run a slight fever. I found myself canceling social engagements and seeing less of my friends.

He was slowly but surely taking over my life, but this was as much my doing as his. For I am a bachelor, and to a single man a dog is a substitute for wife and children.

Cider had great pride, even as a pup, and a natural British reserve about displaying emotion. Not once in his life did he lap my hand; when I patted him, he showed his appreciation by dry-swallowing several times, or stretching out his legs and spreading the toes in obvious contentment. If something vexed him, his only protest was a quick false yawn, a device which I've tried to emulate. Not only is it safer to yawn than to make a remark which might be regretted later, but there's no better way to insult the other party.

He grew more dignified as he matured. The lanky legs feathered out, the chest deepened, the tail became a waving silver plume. His majestic head and sagging jowls suggested a Supreme Court judge. I would no more have dreamed of

tumbling him playfully onto his back and scratching his belly than I could imagine myself tickling the stomach of U. S. Chief Justice Earl Warren. He looked on toys and games with lofty scorn. If I rolled a tennis ball across the floor to him, he'd open his red, rheumy eyes and watch it disappear under the sofa, and close them again while I got down on hands and knees to fish it out. On the other hand, he had his own idea of fun, and would study a caterpillar by the hour, his brow furrowed in deep concentration.

I was never sure when he was putting me on. He would awaken me on a cold winter night, writhing in the simulated agony of a full bladder, and then sit on the lawn and peer at the moon while I waited shivering in the doorway; but his sober face betrayed no sign of amusement. He was a past master at dissembling. Once in his awkward puppy days he overturned a patio table on himself, shattering a couple of highball glasses and a china ashtray. Immediately he let out a shriek of anguish and started hopping around on three legs, while I ignored the damage he had caused and bent over him solicitously to ease his pain. It was not until he spotted a squirrel on the lawn, and took after it with all four legs functioning perfectly, that I realized how completely I had been taken in.

I guess all dogs have this capacity for deception. A man I knew once owned a fox terrier who was never allowed on the second floor of the house. One afternoon he took his wife shopping, but she had forgotten her purse and they drove home unexpectedly. As he halted in the driveway, his eyes encountered the horrified gaze of the fox terrier, looking down from a second story window. He raced up the walk and opened the front door — to find the dog curled on the hall rug, sleeping

(Continued on next page)

so soundly that my friend had to shake him to wake him up.

I bred Cider, very late in life, to an obliging female whom the Vermont kennelman recommended. I was far more excited about the affair than Cider was, and couldn't wait to see the puppies when they were born. One ball of fluff sat in the palm of my hand and yawned, and I promptly marked him for mine. As soon as he was weaned I brought him home, but Cider would have no part of his son (I'm told the human male is the only species which recognizes its own offspring) and resented him as a rival for my affection. He was so heartbroken that I had to take the pup back to the kennels and leave him, to be kept for me.

The older Cider grew, the more we depended on each other. He would not go upstairs without me. If I were entertaining some guests past his bedtime, he would flop down heavily in the center of the living-room and sigh, like an impatient wife trying to signal her husband to say good night and come to bed. For my part, I needed him as much as he needed me, and spent more and more time at home with him. I resigned from several clubs in New York because I never got down to the city any more. Like an old married couple, our lives were adjusted to each other, our likes and dislikes were similar, we had the same diseases (we were both subject to sinus trouble) and took the same antihistamine tablets. Several people remarked that I was actually getting to look like him: the one elevated eyebrow, the sagging jowls, the red, rheumy eyes.

He was aging fast. They say that each year in a dog's life is equal to seven in a man's, and time ticks off more rapidly than we realize. It seemed only yesterday that he was a gangling puppy trotting at my side; then overnight he was a companion my own age. Now suddenly his years were half again mine, a ven-

erable gentleman somewhere in his nineties. He had become increasingly feeble lately, and had gone stone deaf in one ear, causing him to turn his head the wrong way when I whistled. I could see (though I wouldn't admit it) that the time was approaching when I would be left to go the rest of my life alone and unattended.

Came the night when his legs collapsed under him, and I had to carry him upstairs in my arms and place him in his overstuffed chair. In the morning he lay in a coma, though the tip of his tail twitched once or twice when I spoke to him, and the veterinarian arrived to take him to the hospital. I removed his leather collar, and kissed him for the first and last time; I knew that I would never see him again.

A friend wrote me later: "They ask so little and they give so much."

The house was desolate: no rumpled rugs, no clatter of claws on the staircase. I was resolved not to have another dog. I decided to take a trip; there was nothing to prevent me now. I was free at last, I reminded

myself, free to pack my bag and drive to Canada and go fishing.

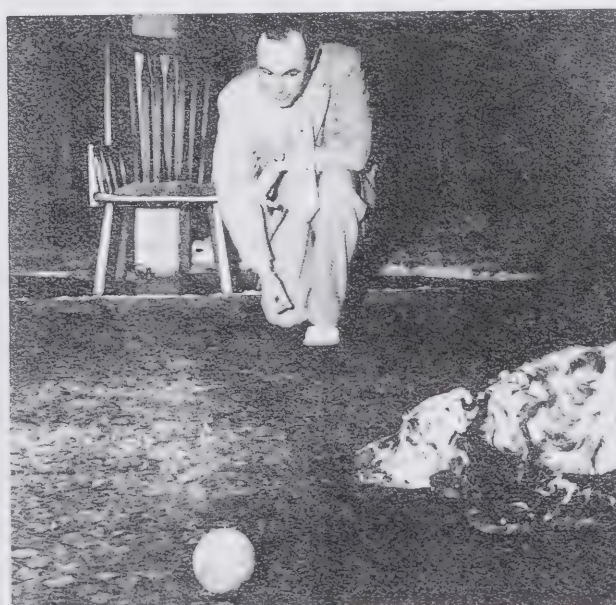
On the way through Vermont, I stopped off at the kennel to give instructions to sell Cider's pup. "Want to have a look at him?" the kennelman asked. I told him I didn't have time. "On'y take a minute," he urged. "He's a ringer for his old man."

The pup was in a wire pen, sitting on his haunches and waiting. His young body had not filled out yet, but the markings were identical, even to the cocked eyebrow. He looked at me steadily until our eyes met, and then he thrust a forepaw through the mesh and reached across the floor toward me.

I took him home, and he trotted up the stairs beside me, claws clicking familiarly on the treads, and made for the overstuffed chair in my bedroom. It was as though his father, by some transcendent effort, had given himself back to me so that I would not be alone. I put Cider's collar around his neck. It hung loose, but he would fill it in time.

"If I rolled a tennis ball across the floor to him, he'd open his red, rheumy eyes and watch it disappear under the sofa."

PHOTO BY DAN HOLLAND





A young boy and girl admire two of Boston's police horses ridden by Patrolmen Andelmo H. DeiTossi and Emilio G. Ciriello.

Boston's Beautiful and Talented

POLICE HORSES

Still a Familiar Sight in Our Parks and Streets

THE USE OF THE HORSE in the military service dates back to the middle ages. After the creation of the first Police Force in London in 1829 the utilization of mounted police patrols became quite general in all large European cities. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police in Canada and the Texas Rangers in our own country created impressive records in the police service and the police horse played a most important part in their history.

The first record of the use of horses in the Boston Police Department dates back to 1873 when uniformed officers were first assigned to mounted patrol along the Milldam Road. This was a causeway that extended from Charles Street along the course of the present Beacon Street. Since that time the police horse has become a

familiar sight in our parks and streets.

In our present highly-mobile society the use of the horse in the police service is gradually becoming outdated. Every professional survey of police practices recommends their discontinuance. Whenever this is suggested, however, the general public quickly makes known its regard for our police horses and registers their strong objection to any curtailment of this branch of the police service. Police horses are very impressive at parades and other ceremonial occasions and they have always been a most colorful sight on the streets of our City. The present position of the Boston Police Department is that as long as the public wants them, we will always have a mounted police patrol.

DOG RABIES IMMUNIZATION WEEK HELD IN BOSTON

Success or Failure?

A REPORT

"PROTECT YOUR DOG, your family, your neighbor," was the slogan of the 1966 Dog Rabies Immunization Program held in Boston beginning the week of October 17 and continuing through October 22. Clinics, staffed by veterinarians who volunteered their time and services, were conducted in ten convenient locations within the City. According to Dr. Nicholas Fiumara, director of the Communicable Disease Division, Massachusetts Department of Public Health, and General Chairman of the Rabies Control Committee, "This was the first time in this state for a major metropolitan health service to offer a community-wide protective program against rabies."

On October 26, the Rabies Control Committee met in the conference room of the Animal Rescue League of Boston (where planning meetings had been held) to evaluate the effectiveness of the immunization program. The program was analyzed from three points of view: Publicity — Administration — Results.

PUBLICITY

A considerable amount of advance publicity was carried out. This included the following:

Newspapers

- (a) A proclamation signed by Major John F. Collins of Boston announced the week of October 17-22 as Rabies Control Week in Boston. This proclamation appeared in the Boston newspapers as well as in the local papers of Natick, Framingham, Concord, Wayland and Wellesley.
- (b) A general release appeared in the Sunday papers two weeks before Rabies Control Week.
- (c) Another release was published in the newspapers on Wednesday, October 12.
- (d) Another release was published in the Boston papers on Sunday, October 16.
- (e) On Thursday, October 20, and Friday, October 21, the Boston Globe and Herald-Traveler exhorted their readers to have their dogs immunized before the week was over.

Radio

- (a) Dr. Morton Wolf appeared on the Palmer Paine

Show on WNAC from 6:15 P.M. to 8:00 P.M. on Friday, October 14.

- (b) Dr. Gus Thornton appeared on WCOP.
- (c) There were five 5-minute tape recordings made for WGBH which were broadcast between 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. on the following dates:
 - October 10: Dr. Nicholas Fiumara
 - October 11: Dr. William W. Babson
 - October 12: Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick
 - October 13: Dr. Gus Thornton
 - October 14: Dr. Frederic Maloof

Television

- (a) Arch MacDonald of Channel 4 taped a clinic for television on Monday, October 17, in South Boston and the program was broadcast at 6:30 P.M. that evening.
- (b) Channel 5 had a similar show on Friday, October 21, 1966.

Other Media

- (a) An article describing Boston's Rabies Control Week was published in THE VETERINARIAN, Volume 32, #4, page 13.
- (b) Thirty thousand pamphlets were prepared by Dr. Maloof and his staff. They contained an explanation of Rabies Control Week, locations of clinics and clinic hours. The pamphlets were distributed to 8th and 9th grade students two school days before Rabies Control Week began.
- (c) Five hundred posters were prepared and printed by Dr. Maloof and his staff. These posters listed the locations of the clinics and the clinic hours and were placed in strategic spots around the City.

ADMINISTRATION

- (a) Ten stations were selected for dog immunization clinics. Eight of the stations were under the direction of the Boston Department of Health and Hospitals and were conducted from Monday through Friday, October 17-21, from 2:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. Each clinic was staffed by a veterinarian and two clerks. Each veterinarian brought along his own animal handler and the Boston Department of Health and Hospitals provided the clerical staff.
- (b) The Animal Rescue League, under the direction of its President, Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick, conducted their clinic on Saturday, October 22, from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. They provided two veterinarians and two animal handlers for the 9:00 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. morning session.
The Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association provided two other veterinarians and animal handlers from 12:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. The Animal

Rescue League provided three clerks for the morning and afternoon sessions on Saturday, October 22.

- (c) Dr. Gus Thornton, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, ran an all-day clinic on Saturday, October 22, from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. providing his own staff of veterinarians, animal handlers and clerical personnel.
- (d) The Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association purchased rabies vaccine from the Fromm Laboratories of Grafton, Wisconsin. The vaccine was delivered to Dr. Frederic Maloof who stored one thousand doses at the Animal Rescue League and one thousand doses at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. This was an emergency supply to be used if any of the clinics ran out of vaccine. Each day Dr. Maloof and his staff shipped a supply of vaccine to the clinics and the number of doses supplied was equivalent to the number of licensed dogs in that area. This represented a considerable amount of work and Dr. Maloof and his staff are to be commended.
- (d) Fifteen thousand metal tags were purchased by the Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association.
- (f) Mr. Louis Maloney arranged for the printing on NCR paper of vaccination certificate forms designed by Dr. Edgar Tucker. After the clinics these were collected by Dr. Maloof and given to the Animal Rescue League where the original form will be filed alphabetically and the copy by license number.
- (g) A donation of \$1 was solicited for each dog immunized although no one was turned away if he could not afford the donation.
- (h) Dr. Morton Wolf was delegated to be the recipient of all the monies collected, and he deposited them to the credit of the Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association to help defray the cost of the clinics.

RESULTS

A total of 1,692 dogs were immunized. The Committee anticipated immunizing approximately 15,000 dogs and was disappointed when only slightly more than 10 per cent of the goal was realized. It was important for the Committee to determine why its goal was not realized so that it could profit from this experience and not repeat the same mistakes in the next campaign.

The following were found to be causative factors:

1. *Apathy.* Boston and Massachusetts are fortunate that there has been no rabies in pet animals. The nearest rabies in a dog was in Providence, Rhode Island. The absence of an emergency, the absence of any immediate threat to Boston or its pet animals has

probably lulled our people into a state of complacency. It is only a matter of time, however, before rabies spreads from our neighboring states and infects our ground animals.

2. *Timing of Clinics.* The following adverse factors were operating:

- (a) Boston was in the midst of an election campaign with the Mayor running for U. S. Senator in the primaries. The attention of the people was on the election. We were competing for precious newspaper space and time on radio and television. The public relations staff of the city administration was understandably preoccupied. The Committee emphasized that public clinics should never be run during an election period except in an emergency situation.
- (b) Afternoon clinics Monday through Friday were poorly attended but clinics on Saturday were well patronized. It was the considered opinion of the Committee that in the future one or more evening clinics should be held and clinics should be scheduled for Saturday and Sunday afternoons.
- (c) The best time of the year to run a clinic would be in the spring when there is an increase in the number of dog bites.

3. *Publicity*

- (a) The Committee felt that more and sustained newspaper publicity, particularly during the week of the clinics, should have been carried out. Furthermore, people like to have something in their hands which will direct them to where the clinics are held and the clinic hours. Therefore, daily newspaper campaigns immediately before and during clinic sessions are necessary. Radio and television emphasize what the public reads in the newspapers.
- (b) Thirty thousand pamphlets were prepared for distribution to school children in the 8th and 9th grades. Unfortunately, they were not completed by the printers until two school days prior to the first clinic — again because of the increased workload from the election campaign.

Not all of the pamphlets were distributed. The school authorities now say that they need at least three weeks to distribute pamphlets throughout the school system.

The Committee thought the pamphlets should be distributed to students in the lower grades rather than at the Junior High School level. Although brief announcements of the clinics were prepared for radio and television and sent to the stations the Committee feels that personal visits to the stations are necessary to insure broadcast of releases. Visits should also be made to the editors of the newspapers to obtain their interest and continued cooperation.

- 4. *Clinic sites.* It was the consensus of the veterinarians that all clinics should be placed in covered locations because of the effect of wind and rain. All outdoor clinics were washed out on Wednesday, October 19. It was uncomfortable for the staff to be there during the cold and wind on October 20.

There was some aesthetic objection on the part of some of the nurses to holding a clinic for dogs in the same place where children and babies are seen. This requires a little staff education and, if the objections continue, alternate covered sites will be selected.

A mobile clinic was also suggested if large truck vans can be secured such as those used during the polio immunization period.

In the analysis of the Rabies Control Program there is one fact we should not lose sight of and that is — for the first time eight different agencies have joined forces in a common purpose. Three of these are professional organizations, namely: the Massachusetts Medical Society, the New England Veterinary Medical Association, the Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association; two humane societies — the Animal Rescue League of Boston and the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital; and three official agencies — the Massachusetts Department of Public Health, Division of Communicable Diseases, the Boston Department of Health and Hospitals and the Department of Agriculture, Division of Livestock Disease Control. The contributions from each of these agencies were distinct and unique. Each complemented the other and no one duplicated the services of the other. The Boston Rabies Control Week gave each member of the Committee an opportunity to gain an experience that could not have been gained otherwise. An effective working relationship had been formed and the group voted unanimously that it should not disband but should plan its next immunization program.

In addition the Committee will explore the possibility of centralizing the licensing of all dogs in the City of Boston and at the same time find out how many states require the compulsory immunization of dogs against rabies as a condition of licensure.

The Rabies Control Committee consisted of:

Nicholas J. Fiumara, M.D., M.P.H. • *General Chairman*
Director

Division of Communicable Diseases
Massachusetts Department of Public Health

Edward Zullo, D.V.M. • *Co-Chairman*
President

Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association

(Continued on next page)

William W. Babson, M.D. • *Co-Chairman*
President
Massachusetts Medical Society

Morton Wolf, D.V.M. • *Chairman, Committee on*
Veterinarian Participation
President
New England Veterinary Medical Association

Carlton E. Buttrick, LL.D. • *Chairman, Committee*
on Humane Societies Participation
President
Animal Rescue League of Boston

Frederic Maloof, M.D. • *Coordinator of Rabies*
Control Week
Director of Health Services
Boston Department of Health and Hospitals

Technical Advisory Committee

Ralph C. Briggs, D.V.M.

Chief Veterinarian
Division of Livestock Disease Control
Massachusetts Department of Agriculture

Elvin R. Coon, D.V.M.
Veterinarian-in-Charge
Animal Disease Eradication Division
U. S. Department of Agriculture

Edward Ryan, D.V.M.
President-Elect
Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association

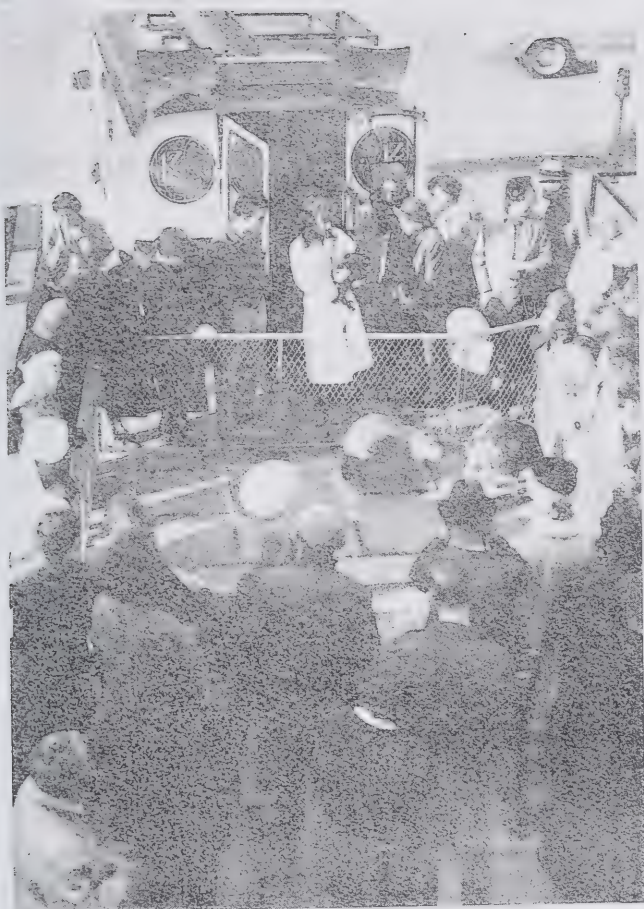
Gus W. Thornton, D.V.M.
Chief of Staff
Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

Bernard Trum, D.V.M.
Director New England Primate Center

Edgar Tucker, D.V.M.
Secretary
Massachusetts Veterinary Medical Association



Mayor John F. Collins (seated) discusses Rabies Control Program with Committee members (left to right): Earl E. Wentzel representing Dr. Carlton E. Buttrick, Edward Zullo, D.V.M., Frederic Maloof, M.D., Nicholas J. Fiumara, M.D., M.P.H., Edgar Tucker, D.V.M., and Morton Wolf, D.V.M.



ANIMAL KINGDOM DAY

Is Observed Every Day at the

League,

but This Was an

Extra Special One

OCTOBER 20, 1966 dawned gray and cheerless with intermittent showers following the rain of the previous day. But at the Animal Rescue League a gay green and white striped tent covered the grass area adjacent to our Auditorium, presaging the events of the day. Inside the Auditorium, paper monkeys gamboled in crepe paper fronds of construction paper palm trees,

and an imitation tiger peered out from a tropical forest of potted rubber plants and ferns. All of this was the backdrop for Animal Kingdom Day, presented by the Animal Rescue League of Boston to acquaint the public with a first-hand knowledge of the public services that our four-footed friends perform, and proficiencies that they may acquire as pets in our households — all of this in conjunction with our annual sale of jellies and jams, cakes and bread, aprons and pot holders, jewelry and figurines, cards and stationery.

Through the excellent cooperation of the Boston Police Department we were privileged to have two exhibitions by the Canine Corps demonstrating their obedience training, search and attack skills and ability to scale high fences. Also, two horses from the Boston Police Mounted Patrol were on hand during the day, and gave a demonstration of their training and control.

The Massachusetts State Police cooperated by sending two of their Bloodhounds, which were on display for the public to admire and pet, and an officer to answer the many questions about their training and use.

A volunteer group of dog owners from the New England Dog Training Club gave two exhibitions of basic and advanced obedience training with the dogs responding to voice commands, hand signals, search and scent discrimination and demonstrating their proficiency in jumping hurdles and high jumps.

A highlight of the afternoon schedule was the appearance of the Zoomobile, through the courtesy of the Boston Zoological Society, with animals from the Franklin Park Zoo. Among the animals exhibited were capybara, bear, porcupine, and python. These animals delighted the young and old alike, particularly because most of them could be petted.

Through the cooperation of The Seeing Eye, Morristown, New Jersey, a film presentation, "1, 2, 3, Go," was available for viewing throughout the day in our second floor conference room.

In addition to this variety of animal presentations, frequent tours of the League's Shelter and Clinic gave our visitors an opportunity to see at first hand the animal welfare work of the League.

We are indebted to many hundreds of people who made the success of Animal Kingdom Day possible. Our thanks and appreciation to the Ladies of the Fair Committee who gave time, thought and action to the plans, to others who donated articles for the sale, to those who sent money contributions to help continue our animal welfare work and services, the ladies who manned the tables through the long day of the Fair, and, last but not least, to those organizations, both public and private, who arranged for personnel and animals to be available for demonstration and exhibition. Surely, this was an extra special Animal Kingdom Day.

State Police Officer William Crosby and bloodhound with two young admirers.



Mrs. Samuel Baugh, Fair Co-Chairman, watches over the Cheese Table and hands out balloons carrying the League's new symbol.



Members of the New England Dog Training Club put on afternoon demonstrations under the canopy.



LUCKY DAY

FOR

"BOOTSIE"

by ELSA HAYES

MY FIRST MEETING with "Bootsie" was unexpected! I had gone out to the trash barrel, and an almost unrecognizable mass of dirty fur jumped out. As the frightened animal sped away, I saw that it was a half-grown, half-starved cat.

For several evenings I watched it go into the barrel, foraging for food. I decided that there was an easier way to get the food, so I started to put a plate of food on the stone wall nearby.

He always came after dark — sometimes limping, sometimes bleeding, after being a target for stones thrown at him to keep him out of people's yards, but I could tell that he was a steel-gray color, with white paws, so I called him "Bootise."

Our friendship grew gradually. At first I left the food on the wall, and then went into the house, leaving him to eat without fear. Later I stood near the wall, and in time he came to me so I could pat him and hold him. He was very affectionate once he found a friend that he could trust. He even let me bathe and medicate an injury behind his right ear that he showed up with one evening. For days it bled and I thought it would never heal, but eventually it did.

Since I shall be going away for a few months after Christmas, I could not leave him without anyone to look after him, so I decided that "Bootsie" must have a home. I should have loved to have kept him, but our six-year old cat would *never* accept another pet around the house.

I went to find out if "Bootsie" *did* belong to someone, but, as I thought, he was a stray cat, living in the woods. I discovered that "Bootsie" was one of a litter of seven

kittens born to a pet cat in the neighborhood, who had hidden her kittens in the woods. The mother cat's owners had looked everywhere for the kittens, but unsuccessfully. Then one day, the mother cat came down the road followed by seven wild kittens. Two were caught and, with some difficulty, tamed. "Bootsie" was never caught and became the terror of the neighborhood attacking and injuring other people's pet cats.

A friend and I took "Bootsie" to the veterinarian's in a travel case. He certainly was a frightened, wild, cat. During the next few days he was castrated, wormed, and bathed.

Shortly afterwards "Bootsie" was placed in a home with some fine folks. The first time they took him out into the yard under supervision, "Bootsie" ran into the woods. Three evenings later he was outside my house, sitting on the wall. He had walked about fourteen miles to come back to me.

I was heartbroken. Would he *ever* stay in a new place, or would he have to be put to sleep? "Bootsie" had become a part of my life, and I decided that before anything drastic had to be done we would try a bit longer.

He was taken back to the animal hospital and went through about a five-week "rehabilitation course." One thing was for sure — "Bootsie" was not ready for a home or people. During the five weeks he was taken out of the cage, held, talked to, petted, and paid attention to, so he could get used to people.

Several weeks ago "Bootsie" was placed in a home not too many miles from me. The day after he arrived there, with a feeling of apprehension, I called up to see how he was. The words I heard were like music to my ears.

"We love him. He is beautiful. He is so gentle with the children. Last night he slept at the foot of the boys' bed."

Last week I visited the folks who have him. "Bootsie" was sleeping on his favorite chair in the kitchen. The four young children love him, and they are very gentle with him. He sat on my lap and purred ever so gently. I could not see any sign of recognition on his part, and I feel that at last the past for him has faded out.

"Bootsie's" new owners knew he had run away from his former home, so to discourage him from running away from them, the first time they let him out they tied a 50-foot cord to his collar. "Bootsie" ran to the end of the cord, pulled for a while and then sat down with the cord taut, pulling occasionally. He sat there for five hours, and then decided it was useless. He hasn't tried to run away since, even though he has complete freedom of the yard.

I shall worry no more . . . "Bootsie" has a wonderful home with a wonderful family! (Editor's Note: Thank to Elsa Hayes who made it all possible.)

Helping in the Reduction of Street Crime is

BOSTON'S CANINE CORPS

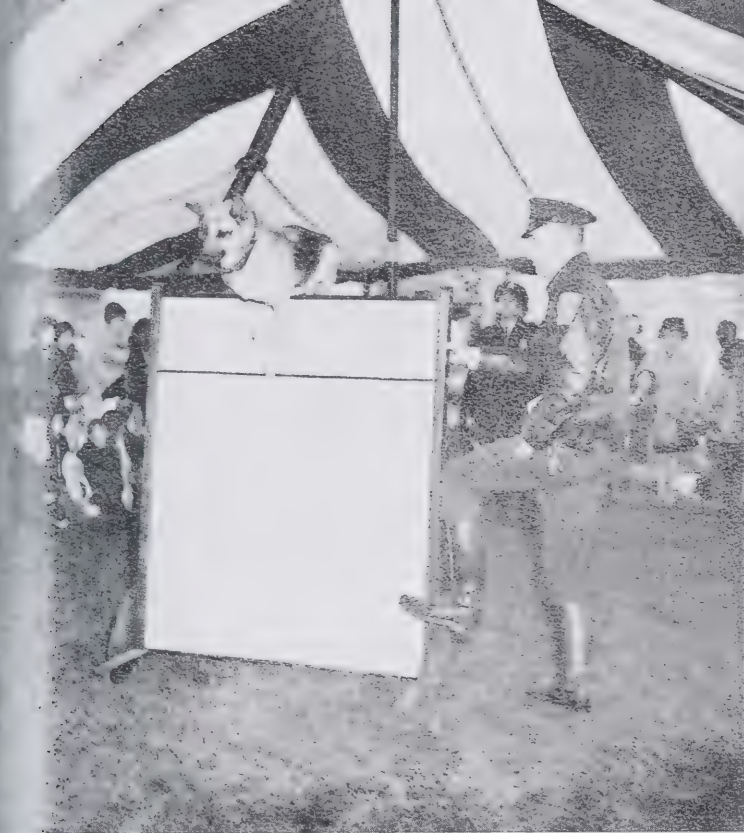
THE UTILIZATION OF DOGS in the police service first began in Germany more than sixty years ago. The Berlin Police Department initiated this practice and it spread to Belgium and later to other European countries.

Several varieties of dogs have been successfully trained for police duty. The London Police have had particular success with the Labrador while the Doberman has been used in a number of police departments. The Belgian Sheep Dog has also been tried and the Bloodhound has been excellent for tracking purposes. In general, however, the German Shepherd is most commonly used for police work. Most police departments using dogs report the German Shepherd to be the best suited and best qualified dog for their purposes because they can be trained to do more things well than any of the other breeds.

The German Shepherd possesses a number of commendable characteristics which make it suitable for the police service. First, they have a very impressive appearance. In fact, most people commonly call the German Shepherd a "Police Dog." They are very intelligent animals, with fairly even temperament and a keen sense of smell and hearing.

When the Boston Police Department first decided in 1962 to organize a Canine Corps we were very fortunate indeed to acquire six German Shepherds as a gift from the community of West Berlin, Germany. Two additional dogs were purchased in this country. Eight carefully-selected officers were then chosen from a group of volunteers and they became the nucleus of our new Canine Unit. These officers and their assigned dogs were given intensive field training for a period of six months by an experienced officer assigned to us through the courtesy of the West Berlin Police Department. On March 26, 1963, the Canine Corps was officially assigned to duty with the Tactical Patrol Force and together they have been a most successful team in the accomplishment of their special mission — the reduction of street crime.

Ofttimes Boston's Canine Corps are required to go over barriers (as above) in accomplishing their special mission and, once a suspect is located, the dogs are trained to either attack or corner and hold the suspect as demonstrated below by dog and handler.



*One of Our
More Beautiful
Beef Breeds is the*

**BELTED
GALLOWAY**

by GUY W. MANN



EACH YEAR thousands of motorists traveling in our great vacation state of Maine are thrilled by the beauty of a herd of outstanding Belted Galloway beef cattle.

These colorful animals are located just off Route 1 in Rockport, Maine. Their owners are Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chatfield, Jr., who manage the "Belties" on their rugged "Aldermere Farm" on Penobscot Bay. This farm had been continuously worked for the past two hundred and fifty years and the pastures were worn out and fallow.

In 1950 fifty acres of fields and pastures were selected for improvement by organic methods. No artificial or commercial fertilizers, no POISONOUS SPRAYS or INSECTICIDES have been used since this program was established. Today we see the results of this successful project. The sight of these lush green pastures that are a fitting background for the colorful black-white belted beef creatures leaves one breathless and, at the same time, convinced that organic farming and "BELTIES" go together.

Mr. A. H. Chatfield, Jr., co-owner and manager of Aldermere Farm, is recognized throughout the world as an outstanding U. S. breeder of "Belties." He constantly visits farms where "Belties" and other breeds of cattle

are being developed in North America and Great Britain. Primary objective of these visits is to obtain new ideas for improving his herd. Mr. Chatfield also, on occasion, purchases an animal that he feels will aid his herd development. In 1962 he was official Judge of Belted Galloways at the Royal Highland Show in Igliston, Scotland.

The origin of the Belted Galloway is lost in the mists of time. The "Beltie" has been known in Galloway, the southwestern district of Scotland, from time immemorial and stands as a beautiful and hardy beef breed.

The recognized colors are black with brownish tinge and a white belt completely encircling the body between the shoulders and hooks, or dun with a similar belt. The origin of this striking coloration seems to be that belted or "sheeted" cattle were found at various times, not only in Galloway and northern England, but also in Aberdeenshire; East Anglia; Yorkshire; Worcestershire; Somerset; Wales and Ireland. Some of these cattle were polled and some horned. This seems to have been the case with other Galloway cattle about a hundred and fifty years ago. It is probable that Belted Galloways like all our so-called pure breeds are genetically heterogeneous in origin.

Two herds of a breed of black belted cattle called

Lakenvelders still survive in Holland. The Dutch do not know the origin of these cattle. Some feel that the Belted Galloway might be derived from a cross between imported Lakenvelders and the native Galloway of Scotland. Others suggest that the belt is a protective coloration evolved by natural selection. One other theory is that the peculiar belted markings used to be frequent amongst the older Galloways in Scotland and among the cattle of Wales, when they were crossed with White Forest Breed. It may be ascribed to the intermixture of two races each having a tendency to produce the pristine color of the stock from which it is derived.

According to the Belted Galloway Society, "The skin should be mellow and moderately thick, covered with a mossy undercoat which has been likened to a machintosh and cardigan. Hard, wirey hair and no undercoat are objectionable." The majority of herds are kept on high land or marginal farms in Scotland, "where their owners are rearing them on poor land and in severe weather conditions. A 'Beltie' will develop economically and fatten readily when the time comes for him to be finished off . . . yielding a high percentage of dead to live weight with the carcass having a beautifully marbled appearance. Although animals reared in these hill farms are naturally slow maturing this is not the case with those bred and fed on high class land . . . The commercial carcasses should dress between 58% and 60% of the live weight and the show carcasses 62%-65%.

"As might be expected, they are of a hardy, robust nature and are little troubled with ailments of any sort. Their rough winter coats and hardy constitutions render them suitable for withstanding the winters in the U.S.A. and Canada, yet their adaptability is such that when they are exported to a hotter climate they will readily acclimatize themselves to their new environment, as is proven by their thriving in Entre Rios Province of the Argentine.

"The cows of the breed in addition to being long-lived and regular breeders have always been noted for a good flow of milk and there is never any question of their not being able to suckle their calves.

"The bulls are pre-potent and will stamp the breed characteristics on any crossed descendants . . . almost invariably producing a polled black and belted calf. In Kenya they are being crossed with Boran (Zebu) cows, and all of the offspring have Belted Galloway characteristics in a marked degree."

The Herd Book Society was formed in 1921 under the title of "The Dun and Belted Galloway Cattle Breeders Association." The name was changed in 1951 to the Belted Galloway Cattle Society. Buyers who wish information about sales of Belted Galloway cattle can obtain particulars from the Secretary, George A. Malcolm, Estate Office, Whittingehame, in Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland.

The American Belted Galloway Cattle Breeders Association (now the Belted Galloway Society, Inc. of Summitville, Ohio) was formed prior to 1954 when Mr. A. H. Chatfield, Jr., of Aldermere Farm, Rockport, Maine, became a Vice President. We are sincerely indebted to Mr. Chatfield for making the picture and information for this article available.

Your life will be greatly enriched by a visit to Aldermere Farm to see this very colorful breed and will increase your appreciation for the importance and beauty of our "Beef Breeds."

This ends our series on "Our Beef Breeds." I trust that you have enjoyed reading these articles as much as I have enjoyed preparing them. Another series of articles on dairy cattle is planned for future presentation in this publication.

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 CARLTON M. STRONG, Agent

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Items courtesy Junior Humane News published by The American Humane Association)



Girl feeding kitten.

Love—The Extra Touch

We all know that owning a pet is a big responsibility. A dog or a horse, for example, must be fed, groomed, exercised and protected from bad weather.

Each kind of pet has different needs, and as a pet owner, you must learn what these needs are. However, all pets have one thing in common. They all need love and affection.

Although your pet doesn't tell you so in words, it shows you in many different ways that it wants your love and attention. The girl in this month's picture is showing her love by giving her pet a treat. You don't have to feed your pet treats to give it love. Just give it extra attention and a few kind words.

How many ways can you think of to give your pet "love — the extra touch?"

The Striped Skunk

Striped skunks are very pretty animals, with two white stripes down the back and one up the forehead. Skunks are about the same size as cats, but have long, bushy tails. Their ears and eyes are very small. Although they don't see too well, they have keen hearing.

Skunks have musk glands which produce a fluid with a terrible odor. They use this fluid to protect themselves from their enemies. When an enemy comes too close to a skunk, it gives warning by making its legs stiff and slapping the ground with its feet. It snaps its teeth together, and its hair stands out like a porcupine's quills. If the enemy doesn't go away, the skunk turns around, picks up its tail, and shoots off its musk.

Skunks are found both in the United States and Canada. They live where there is grass, in pastures, on the edge of forests, and in suburban areas.

They do all of their hunting at night, and sleep during the day. They eat insects, fruit and small animals, such as mice and gophers.

Tiger's Tale

It was 5:00 A.M. when Tiger, a fox terrier, jumped onto the bed and pawed at Tom Cunningham's face.

"Wonder what he's barking at," muttered Mr. Cunningham.

"Must be a storm," said his wife. "That sounds like thunder."

But somehow, after a minute, it didn't sound like thunder at all. It was a deep roaring — and it came from below them.

Mr. Cunningham raced downstairs. He put his hand on the knob of a closed door at the foot of the stairs and his finger was burned.

Mr. Cunningham ran back up to the second floor, where his wife had rounded up the four children and Tiger. The family gathered around the window and screamed for help. Neighbors heard their cries, helped the family to escape, and called for the fire department.

After the rescue, Tiger was the calmest member of the family. He remembered his manners, and politely shook hands with visiting newspapermen.

Later The American Humane Association presented the William O. Stillman Award to Tiger for his heroic action.

Season's Greetings

To All Our Friends *from the*

Officers, Directors and Staff

of the

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

of BOSTON

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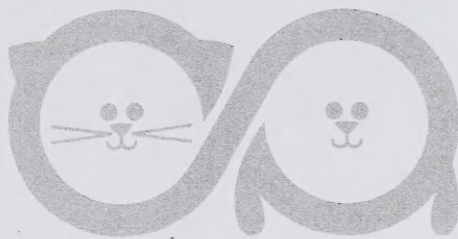
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